

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 13. [NEW SERIES.]

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VOL. III.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY

### THE HYPOCRITE.

**HYPOCRISY** in any shape is baneful to happiness and virtue: but religious hypocrisy is the very worst species; the most injurious in its effects, the most deliberate in its operations, and the most dreadful in its influence; since it teaches the weak minded, when imposed upon by depravity and sacrilegiously clothed in the garb of sanctity, to despise religion itself. Among the number of those who chose this system of deception to promote their worldly welfare, was Dr. Cantwell, a man of low origin, uneducated, and uninformed; who, in assuming an outward show of devotion, had by means of art risen from the most extreme poverty, to affluence and comfort. He was a popular preacher; and though his doctrines were such as to inspire terror, and drive the blessing of hope from the human breast, declaring that the hourly sins of man were of such magnitude that there was scarcely one in a thousand who would be saved, yet was he followed by the multitude, and he had much more crowded congregations than a fellow minister, who, mild and gentle, preached the mercies of redeeming grace, and pointed out a hope that *all* would be saved. But Dr. Cantwell's horrors were the most attractive; and his fame spread with rapidity. The agent of innumerable charities, he visited prisons, alms houses, and fever hospitals; and obtained large sums of money in donations, for the disposal of which he was never called to account; but it was supposed, so boundless was his benevolence believed to be, that he drew from his own limited stores, and expended much more than he received.

He had been for some time past a resident in the house of Sir John Lambert, introduced there by the baronet's mother, an old lady on the verge of seventy; who, having spent a young in the accustomed

frivolous gaieties of persons who live in the world, and with the world, began, as age advanced, to feel her relish for pleasure decline, and made a merit of withdrawing herself from the vanities of society. Her virtues were of the negative kind: if she gave a penny to a beggar, sent a dinner to a poor invalid, and gave her mite to a public subscription, she thought the full extent of her moral and religious duties were performed. When therefore she had left the bustle of society for retirement, as her own reflections did not afford her any very extensive gratification, she sought consolation in the exercises of devotion. But the church of England was too lukewarm to please her newly-awakened zeal; and she became a candidate for Methodism. Doctor Cantwell's fame reached her ears; she attended his preaching, and listened to his discourses till she believed herself doomed to eternal perdition, and that he alone could save her! She sent for him: he obeyed the summons—sighed!—groaned!—wept! and prayed with her!—drove her to the utmost verge of despair, and then, as adroitly, drew her back, to hope—through the means of charities! abstinences! and penances, unsuited to her health and years. One of the absurd tasks put upon her was, to walk barefooted ten times up and down the garden, on a cold bleak night, when the ground was covered with snow. Her constitution not being quite so warm as her religious enthusiasm, she caught a violent cold, and was confined to her bed for several weeks, and when she was scarce able to articulate a word above a whisper, the Doctor told her it was the devil struggling within her, and when once dispossessed, she would recover. By slow degrees she did recover, and imagined herself a better woman for her late sufferings; which Mr. Mawworm, an ignorant follower and agent of Cantwell's, remarked—"had been a sort of scouring to her poor soul, just for all the world as *his* wife Suzy scoured and scrubbed the pewter saltcellar and pepper box, when the good Doctor Cantwell was going to dine with them."

After this mental scouring of her soul, she made a total revolution in her manners and mode of life; and soon acquired such com-

mand over her feelings, and reduced her mind to such a perfectly frigid state of philosophy, that she informed her granddaughter, Charlotte Lambert, as a matter of great exultation, how far the pious Doctor had weaned her from all temporal connexions,—"My heart is now set upon nothing sublunary; and I thank Heaven, Miss, I am so insensible to every thing in this vain world, that I could see you, my son, my daughters, my brothers, my grandchildren, all expire before me, and mind it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candle!"

Sir John Lambert was not of an age to be so liable to this sort of fanatic disposition: but Dr. Cantwell had modes of deception suited to every age and rank whatever; and Sir John very soon became as much a dupe as his infatuated mother. The Doctor was made, his domestic chaplain, and gained a most dreadful empire over the mind of his patron. Col. Lambert, an only son, was almost excluded from his father's house, on account of the various sins he committed; the heaviest of which was his dislike to the pious Doctor. An excellent young man, Mr. Darnley, the admitted suitor of his daughter, was treated with scorn and contempt; and Sir John, though he had given his free consent, thought proper now to retract his word, on the pretence of Mr. Darnley's dissolute character. Not all the entreaties of his son could alter his unjust resolution. He forbade Charlotte to receive her lover's visits in future, and informed her he had another husband in view for her, one better calculated to insure her happiness. Charlotte, who was a madcap, and had some little spice of the coquette about her, enjoyed the idea of tormenting Darnley with the thought of this rival; for she was aware that he had a strong tincture of jealousy in his disposition, and she wished to punish him. When therefore Darnley called soon after the conversation between her and her father, notwithstanding the peril of their situation, and that there was really much cause of uneasiness, neither her brother nor her lover could induce her to be serious; and, after indulging her mirth for some time, at the expense of poor Darnley's embarrassment, she took up a book, and read with provoking earnestness—

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose;  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those—  
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends—  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

\* \* \* \* \*  
To her share some female errors fall,  
Look in her face—and you'll forget them all.

This she rattled on, nor could they in any way fix her attention. Yet this levity was merely assumed; Charlotte was not less uneasy than themselves—not on her own account, or her lover's; for, as she had twenty

thousand pounds at her own disposal, left her by an aunt, free from all control, her father's consent was not necessary to her choice, though it would add to her happiness. But she was seriously alarmed for her brother, whose fortune was solely dependent on her father; and the dangerous ascendancy this saint-like hypocrite had obtained over his mind, made her tremble.

If Colonel Lambert and Charlotte could have controlled their resentment towards this man, his advances would have been less rapid; but he became powerful by opposition, their determined dislike increasing their father's regard. Cantwell, by way of strengthening his influence, now begged leave to quit the family;—as he was too much pampered, too much indulged, and lived so at his ease, that he should attach a blameable importance to this world, and become forgetful of his great duties. Old Lady Lambert, shedding tears, implored him to remain; and, as a proof of charity and forbearance, he condescended to continue, and partake still farther of the good things of this perishable life. Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Doctor's agent, the redoubtable Mr. Mawworm, whom lady Lambert received very cordially, believing it one of the indisputable passports to heaven, to confer with the ignorant and humble, without reference to her own rank and station. Mr. Mawworm was high in her esteem, not only because he was a faithful follower of the pious doctor, and the agent of many of his charities, but also because he was inspired with zeal, and likely to become "a labourer in the vineyard." The fellow looked very gloomy: and lady Lambert kindly inquired after his health.

"Thank your ladyship's axing," he replied, "I'm but deadly poorish; the world and I can't agree. I don't know what's the matter with me—I'm a breaking my heart, ma'am. I thinks it a sin to keep a shop. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brickdust, and the like; but I'm sure I've had a call,—an I wants to go a preaching. I have made many sermons already. I does them extrumperry; because as how I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says my head's turned. I extort them to better behavior—but they does'nt mind me, no, not of a brass fardin. Indeed they seldom comes anigh me now—we've lost all our custom. They calls me a *Metho-dite*. Oh! ma'am, they are carnal sinners!" "Did you ever preach in public?" inquired lady Lambert. "Yes, ma'am once. The last review day, I got upon Kennington-common; but he boys throwed brickbats, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I whisked about, to ad fro, like an eel in a frying pan. I talke to them, says I—I



doesn't do nothing *clandestinely*. I stands here *contagious* to his majesty's guards; and I charge you upon your *apparels* not to *mislist* me. But lord love'e, ma'am, I might as well have spoke to so many postesses. But if so be as the doctor advises me, I shall give up my shop, and go a preaching. I'll make an *excrecence* in the country. Though I am but a sheep, my bleatings shall be heard afar off; and that sheep shall become a shepherd, if it be only as it were a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold."

Ridiculous and ignorant as this man's conversation and manners were, lady Lambert endured him, took him with her to chapel in her carriage, and almost put the poor creature out of his wits with the idea of his own importance. Doctor Cantwell having been prevailed on by the old lady to remain, Sir John was made again happy; and the doctor's power now became greater than ever.

Charlotte was impatient to know the lover her father was disposed to give her: she did not doubt but it was some creature of the doctor's; but her astonishment was indeed great when she found it was no less a personage than the doctor himself! Taken by surprise, she burst out into a fit of laughter, which highly offended her father; and it was with difficulty he could, through the influence of his young wife, be prevailed upon to forgive her unseemly levity. He assured her, that to no other man would he give his consent. "Then, Sir (replied Charlotte, with a gravity of displeasure which somewhat startled him,) you will compel me to marry without your consent; as I neither will accept the hypocritical villian you propose to me nor give up the man whose addresses were first encouraged by yourself, and who has not by any act or word deserved to forfeit your esteem, or my affection." Sir John was highly incensed at his daughter's rejection of this favoured man, and at her threatened disobedience; and his son had unfortunately exasperated him still further by a personal act of violence towards his favourite. The Colonel, provoked by some insolence, had seized the sanctified hypocrite by the collar, and given him a violent shaking;—an offence of such preposterous magnitude, that old lady Lambert rushed out of the house, like one struck with insanity, declaring that the roof would either tumble in and crush them, or some heavy and signal judgment fall upon the family, as a punishment for impiety.

Sir John's resentment was less violent; but more serious and dangerous in its effects. It confirmed him in a determination to disinherit his son, and settle the entire of his property upon Cantwell! This cruel intention was discovered to Charlotte by Charles Seyward, a young man who lived

with the doctor as a sort of secretary, and who passed for his nephew. This youth was an orphan, whose infatuated mother had given up the entire management of her son, and bequeathed the whole of her property without restriction, to the artful villain, whom she had been accustomed to consider as her spiritual guide and director. The poor deluded woman, on her death bed, gave her infant son, then only eight years of age, to his care, and died in peace, from the firm conviction, that she had secured for her child a kind friend, who would take charge not only of his temporal, but his eternal welfare. The doctor took care of his education, which he purchased, at as reasonable a rate as possible, by sending him to a seminary in France, from whence Seyward, had, about three years previous to this period, been recalled to reside with the doctor, who chose to represent himself as an uncle. The youth, artless and unsuspecting, easily became a dupe to the artifices of his pretended relative; and before he was aware of the danger to his principles, found himself an agent in many of his deep-laid schemes of villany. When the operations of reason awakened his mind to reflection, the depravity of Cantwell's character inspired him with horror: his first impulse was to fly from his protection; but, alas! whither could he fly? Destitute of the means of existence, without friends, or fortune! wholly dependent on his tyrannical guardian, not only for support, but even for reputation—Should he leave him, who would belie his simple narrative of the crimes and enormities of this seeming saint?—Would he not be blackened with ingratitude—branded with shame, and what or who could or would shield him against the specious calumnies, the pious lamentations of this artful hypocrite?

Poor Seyward's situation was most painful; and to add to his sorrow, the loveliness and vivacity of the animated Charlotte Lambert fascinated his senses: for though he loved without hope, he could not cease to love. He had long witnessed, with regret, the dangerous influence which doctor Cantwell possessed in Sir John's family; and in secret kept a strict watch on his actions—resolving that, should any opportunity occur, he would endeavour to remove the film which was cast over the eyes of Sir John and his mother. When the writings were drawn up, by which Colonel Lambert was disinherited, and the whole of Sir John's property, even to the very house he now resided in, was invested in the power of doctor Cantwell, Seyward determined to thwart his diabolical plans if possible. But parchments were now prepared, and had been examined by Cantwell's solicitor: the seal and signature of Sir John were all this fatal in-

strument required to render it destructive ! —Terrified for the result of delay, he solicited an interview with Charlotte, and disclosed to her the dangerous situation in which the whole family were placed, showing her the fatal parchment. Their measures were prompt; for there was little time for deliberation. Charlotte went immediately to the chambers of a friend in the Temple, where she was soon followed by Seyward. The deed was there carefully copied, only inserting the name of Lambert for that of Cantwell; both parchments were then placed in the care of Seyward, between whom and Charlotte the secret remained inviolate, lest the impetuosity of Colonel Lambert's temper should lead him to some dangerous act of indignation, which might ruin their hopes by putting Cantwell on his guard.

Charlotte, however volatile in her usual conduct, was too anxious for the fate of her family to be volatile at present. She spoke to her brother of danger, though not to what extent; and urged the necessity of some immediate measures being adopted, in order to arouse their father to a full sense of the worthlessness of his favourite. On her own account, she had not much fear; the fortune left by her aunt was ample, and the only addition she expected from her father was four thousand pounds: she could not therefore be left destitute; yet it was a cause of regret, that this four thousand was left entirely at the mercy of Cantwell, if she married without his consent. The only positive hope which presented itself, was through the means of young lady Lambert, a very amiable woman, who, handsome and elegant, had attracted at twenty-five years of age, the attention of Sir John Lambert, then forty-nine. Her want of fortune induced her to accept so advantageous an offer; whilst the gentleness of her disposition, and gravity of manner, ensured the happiness of her husband, and preserved her influence over him inviolate. She felt serious regret at the dreadful power Dr. Cantwell possessed over the mind of Sir John; but, more cautious in her proceedings, and more mild in her temper than Colonel Lambert and Charlotte, she had not alarmed Sir John into obstinacy: and from her reasonable conduct they had much to expect. The foundation on which their hopes were built was tolerably solid; and their plans appeared likely to succeed.

Doctor Cantwell, the pure, the immaculate doctor Cantwell was, in spite of his religion, tinctured with the frailties to which human nature is subject; and though Charlotte's lace tucker offended his modesty so much, that he entreated old lady Lambert to order some thick double muslin handkerchiefs, as the most proper apparel to clothe

the chest of his affianced bride; yet the gentle and unassuming beauty of his patron's young wife attracted his attention to such a degree, that it was obvious to the whole family, save only the blind zealot Sir John. Lady Lambert blushed at the idea of encouraging the presumption of Cantwell; yet to save her husband and his children was a powerful inducement, and no other means appeared feasible. She therefore appointed him to an interview in her closet—the joy of which condescension threw him off his guard, and he betrayed his feelings towards her by an unequivocal declaration of love. The moderation of lady Lambert would have made a prudent use of this discovery, had not the impetuosity of Colonel Lambert marred her intentions—by rushing from his hiding-place, to the utter discomfiture of the villain as he imagined; but he was struck dumb with amazement, when, on his father bursting into the room to demand the cause of disturbance—Cantwell, with the most perfect composure, and unblushing effrontery, foiled the Colonel's indignant accusations by declaring that he spoke of his love for Miss Lambert—a subject on which he was commissioned to speak, by the desire, indeed at the request, of Sir John himself. Sir John confirmed the truth of this assertion; and said that it was by his request that doctor Cantwell had waited upon his wife, to solicit her influence with Charlotte. In vain the Colonel pleaded; he was left to his own defence: for lady Lambert, angry at his untimely interruption, before their schemes were ripe for execution, had quitted the room on Sir John's entrance, leaving him to fight his own battle.

Colonel Lambert was an excellent soldier: but not so good a general as to be able to fight in ambush with such an expert enemy as doctor Cantwell;—who wept, and entreated Sir John would permit him to quit his house—assuring him that he could not be at peace, while he was the cause, though heaven could tell the innocent cause, of disunion between so good a son and so excellent a father. The moderation of Cantwell was like oil poured upon the flame of wrath, which the Colonel's violence had aroused in the breast of his father; who forbade him to utter another sentence, and imperiously ordered him to quit his sight for ever; then taking the doctor's hand, tenderly embraced, and led him to his library—declaring his intention of immediately signing the instrument, which should throw his rebellious son on the mercy of his insulted friend and favourite. Cantwell, with well dissembled regret, begged Sir John to moderate his anger—to take time for reflection—not to be too hasty in discarding his son, who no doubt meant well—though he was impetuous: but



the more he pleaded, the more determined Sir John became. Seyward was therefore summoned, and ordered to produce the parchment: Sir John eagerly signed it—and Cantwell as eagerly received it, though to all outward appearance, he took it with reluctance.

Sir John's next step was to insist on Charlotte's acceptance of the doctor's hand; and he bade her prepare to receive his visit immediately. Charlotte obeyed and the doctor came: there was however little ceremony between them. Charlotte had no inducement whatever to disguise her feelings of hatred towards him: whilst he, fully invested with power, felt very little necessity for dissembling, and therefore refused most positively to give his consent to her marriage with Mr. Darnley; assigning as a reason, that their mutual extravagance would wontonly dissipate that money, which ought to be disposed of in a more useful and benevolent manner. Charlotte readily understood the hint, and agreed to divide the four thousand pounds equally with him, upon condition that he gave his free consent to her marriage with Darnley—and his influence to obtain her father's consent also. This she thought was one point gained towards a discovery of his character, when her father should learn he could thus vilely barter with the property invested in his power, and appropriate it to his own use.

Cantwell, true to his word, used his influence with Sir John in favour of Darnley's pretensions; an apparent instance of noble minded generosity which endeared him more than ever to the heart of his patron; and more strongly fixed his determination of giving his daughter to him: but when Charlotte informed her father of the bargain, which she had entered into with the doctor—it somewhat staggered him. Lady Lambert thinking the proper moment for discovery was now arrived,—informed him his son's accusations were really true; that the unprincipled villain had dared to speak to her of love; and that if he would descend so far from the dignity of his character as to become a listener, she would lay the treachery of Cantwell open to his view at one glance. It was indeed, she observed, a mean and unworthy mode of proceeding; but desperate diseases required desperate remedies: and she was painfully compelled to point out the only mode within her power to release him from the thralldom of an hypocritical scoundrel. Sir John was tortured; and he dreaded the conviction which his wife offered to give him. Was doctor Cantwell indeed a villain? If so, where was he—where was his son—in what gulf of utter ruin had he involved himself and family? Trembling at the discovery which was about to be made, ashamed at the retrospect of his

own weakness, should lady Lambert's and Charlotte's accusations be really well founded, he suffered himself to be led to his hiding-place, there to await the full disclosure of Cantwell's hypocrisy.

The doctor readily obeyed the summons of lady Lambert; who received him most graciously, expressed her sorrow for the uneasiness which the Colonel's violence had caused, and played her part with so much skill, that the doctor, completely deceived, threw off the mask of sanctity of constraint, and plainly displayed himself to the agonized dupe of his arts, in colours so glaring that to doubt any longer was impossible. Sir John at once rushed upon him; and, resisting all his efforts at vindication, ordered him to quit his house immediately. Cantwell, finding any further attempt at hypocrisy would be fruitless, stood forth at once, a daring "bold faced villain," insolently telling Sir John that he was master there, and ordered him to quit a house which was no longer his, and over which he had not any authority. "True, most true," replied the miserable man, "whither shall I fly to hide me from the world!"

Overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and anguish, he was rushing out of the room; when lady Lambert forcibly detained him; and, assuming a degree of spirit which he had never before on any occasion witnessed, she declared he should not stir hence, that possession still was theirs, and they would not quit the house, unless compelled by law. The doctor, alarmed at her firmness, left the room—loudly calling upon Seyward. Presently the report of a pistol was heard, and Charlotte terrified, ran to her father, expressing her apprehensions that murder was committed. The alarm was however transient; for Cantwell, Darnley, and Seyward soon made their appearance, and the report of the pistol was accounted for. When the doctor left the room, he called Seyward to the pavilion in the garden; where, in great perturbation of mind, he told him that a storm was gathered, which he was not prepared to meet;—that his sole dependence was upon his fidelity, and that he must be ready, when called upon, to swear he had seen him pay to Sir John several large sums of money, as value for an estate. Seyward boldly refused to perjure himself—telling him, on the contrary, that he was well satisfied, that he had obtained from Sir John several large sums, under pretence of charitable purposes, and which he had secretly converted to his own house. Stung to madness by this defiance of Seyward, he seized him by the throat; but Seyward's temper forsook him at this instant, and forgetting the disparity of their years, he gave him a blow, which levelled him with the earth! Roused to desperation, Cantwell started

from the ground, and furiously seized a pistol which hung over the chimney-piece; when Seyward caught his wrist, and in the struggle an explosion took place, which alarmed the family, but no injury was done to the parties.

The reign of this artful hypocrite was now nearly at an end. The Colonel, who had been as busy out of doors as Charlotte and lady Lambert within, had fortunately obtained some information against the doctor, of so enormous a nature respecting some daring frauds he had committed, that he returned, with the officers of justice, to apprehend him as a cheat and an impostor. The doctor viewed them all with the most sovereign contempt, and proudly ordered them to quit the house. "I am master here," said the hardened wretch, "and if I go, none shall remain behind; I will lock up the doors of my own house."

Sir John beat his forehead in an agony of despair; when Charlotte, clasping him round the neck, and kissing away the unconscious tears which streamed down his cheek, bade him "be of comfort, that his fortune was yet in his own power." She then displayed to his enraptured view the original deed unsigned; and informed him, the parchment in the doctor's possession, was a copy—but that her brother's name was inserted in place of Cantwell's. Sir John now fell on his knees, and offered the tribute of thanks to that almighty disposer of all things, who had been graciously pleased to watch over and preserve him from the snares of a villian; while Cantwell, pale, and trembling with rage, shame, and disappointment, breathed the most bitter imprecations on them all—and then ordered the officers to conduct him where they pleased.

Thus ended the career of this designing hypocrite. Sir John, grateful for the interference of his children, endeavoured by every future act of kindness, to atone for his former injustice. He bestowed his daughter's hand on the excellent Darnley, whose exertions, in conjunction with Sir John and Colonel Lambert, succeeded in rescuing the estimable Charles Seyward from the gripe of his atrocious guardian, and restoring him to the full possession of his mother's property.

Deceit! thy reign is short—Hypocrisy  
However gaily dress'd in specious garb,  
In witching eloquence, or winning smiles,  
Allures but for a time—Truth lifts the veil,  
She lights her torch, and places it on high,  
To spread intelligence to all around.  
How shrinks the fawning slave hypocrisy,  
'Then when the specious veil is rent in twain,  
Which screen'd the hideous monster from our view!

## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WELSH.

No. II.

THE Welsh esteem noble birth and generous descent above all things, and are therefore more desirous of marrying into high than rich families: even the common people retain their genealogy, and can not only readily recount the names of their grandfathers and great grandfathers, but refer back to the sixth, seventh, and still more remote generations. Being particularly attached to family descent, they revenge with vehemence the injuries which may tend to the disgrace of their blood: and being naturally of a vindictive and passionate disposition, they are ever ready to revenge not only recent but ancient affronts. They neither inhabit towns, villages, nor castles, but lead a solitary life in the woods, on the borders of which they do not erect sumptuous palaces, nor lofty stone buildings, but content themselves with small huts, made of the boughs of trees twisted together, constructed with little labour and expense, and sufficient to endure throughout the year: they have neither orchards nor gardens.

The greater part of their land is laid down in pasture; little is cultivated; a very small quantity is ornamented with herbs and flowers, and a small quantity is sown: they seldom yoke less than four pair of oxen to their ploughs; and the driver walks backwards before them, and, when, he falls down is frequently exposed to danger from their refractory cattle. In cutting down their crops, instead of small sickles, they make use of a moderate-sized piece of iron, formed like a knife, with two pieces of wood fixed loosely and flexibly to each end, and this they consider as a more expeditious instrument. The boats which they employ in fishing, or in crossing the rivers, are made of twigs, not oblong nor pointed, but almost round, or rather triangular, covered both within and without with raw hides: when a salmon thrown into one of these boats strikes it hard with his tail, he often oversets it, and endangers both the vessel and its navigator. In going to, and returning from the rivers, the fishermen are accustomed to carry these boats on their shoulders, which made Bledhere say, "There is among us a people, who, when they go out in search of prey, carry their horses on their backs to the place of plunder; they leap on their horses in order to catch their prey, and, when it is taken,



they carry their horses home again on their shoulders."

The *Awendi* were Scandinavian rhymers from *Awend* a verse, and called by the Welsh *Awenyddion*. Giraldus says, in chap. xvi. "There are certain persons in Cambria, whom you will find no where else, called *Awenyddion*, a people inspired: when consulted on any doubtful event, they roar out violently, are rendered beside themselves, and become, as it were, possessed by a spirit; they do not deliver the answer to what is required in a connected manner; but the person who skilfully observes them will find after many preambles, and many nugatory and incoherent, though ornamented speeches, the desired explanation conveyed in some turn of a word; they are then roused from their ecstasy, as from a deep sleep, and as it were by violence compelled to return to their proper senses. After having answered the questions, they do not recover till violently shaken by other people; nor can they remember the replies they have given. If consulted a second or third time on the same point, they will make use of expressions totally different; perhaps they speak by the means of fanatic and ignorant spirits: these gifts are usually conferred on them in dreams: some seem to have sweet milk or honey poured on their lips; others fancy that a written schedule is applied to their mouths, and, on awaking, they publicly declare that they have received this gift.

The priests of uncivilized nations have been always accompanied in their barbarous rites by minstrels and soothsayers: the former, by their instrumental and hideous noise, to drown the cries and groans of the agonizing victims, and the latter to draw the attention, and impose on the credulity of the public, by their pretensions to inspiration, and the gift of foretelling national and personal events. After the suppression of Druidical rites, and the substitution of the Irish harp for the barbitos, the Bards and *Awendi* of Wales advanced into the more respectable professions of harpers and singers; and were described by the English under the general name of *minstrels*. In the time of Edward I. the accompanying singers, in their impromptu rhymes, were for ever prophesying the return of Merddin, Arthur, or some ideal chief, to the delivery of the Britons, and the conquest and explosion of the Saxons: and hence the severity of Edward towards these promoters of rebellion. The enactments of Edward fettered the tongues of the prophets for many years; and the powers of the inspired were limited to a few foretellers of private events, and to the revelation of deeds done, and the criminal actors: but, in the last century, the slumbering muse awoke, and the spirit of prophecy again visited Wales, in the form of men and women, called *jumpers*.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

### GERMAN THEATRES.

VIENNA, March 1.—On the 19th of last month, Grillparzer's new tragedy "*King Ottokar's Fortune and End*" (*König Ottokar's Glück und Ende*), was performed for the first time. It was brought out with all the expense and external splendour that the piece requires, and for which the theatre of the court possesses the means. It is many years since the public (not merely the common play-going public) has looked forward with such expectation to a new play as to this; and though a first performance in this theatre generally brings a full house, we do not recollect any occasion, except on the first representation of the *Maid of Orleans*, when there was a similar, but by no means so great a crowd. Every box was taken weeks before. Immediately after three o'clock (the performance began half an hour earlier than usual) all the avenues were full, and the guards doubled. An hour after the commencement it was with extreme difficulty that any body could get in at the principal entrance, for a long train of people, either because they could not get tickets, or were desirous of escaping out of the crowd, were coming away. The shop of the bookseller, Wallishäuser, where the book was published on this day, was so beleaguered that at noon it was impossible to get in, and the whole edition, we understand, was sold. It was rather an unfavourable circumstance, that this being a representation for the benefit of the managers, when it is usual to speak an epilogue, the performance lasted above an hour beyond the usual time, which made the audience impatient, and injured the total effect of the piece. Some scenes and passages, distinguished by poetic beauties, with which the tragedy abounds, were rapturously applauded; and the author was loudly called for at the conclusion, but did not appear. The following day nothing was talked of but king Ottokar, in which the public was doubly interested, as it was a subject from the national history by a national poet. The following is the outline of the tragedy.

The action begins with the separation of Ottokar from his first wife, Margaret of Babenberg. The deputies of the electors, assembled at Frankfort, offer to the king the imperial crown of Germany: he appears disinclined to accept it. Rudolph of Habsburg is at his court in his service. We next see the latter as emperor elect. Meantime Ottokar has married Kunigunde, niece

of Bela. The news of the election of Rudolph confounds him; and his indignation is increased by a summons to appear before the new emperor, in order, according to custom, to do homage, and receive the investiture as a vassal of the empire. He, however, silences his pride, and is curious to see how the poor count of Habsburg, lately his vassal, will behave in the presence of him, a magnificent and opulent king. He accordingly appears, and is so surprised by the simple dignity of the emperor, that he follows him into his tent, and kneels to do him homage. The author has here introduced an anecdote, related by some historians, but positively contradicted by others, according to which, while the king of Bohemia is on his knees, the curtain before the entrance of the tent is suddenly withdrawn, so that he is seen by the army in this humiliating attitude. This is the work of Zasewisch whom he has offended; but it is singular (and the author has been much blamed for it) that neither Ottokar nor Rudolph make any inquiries after the person who has thus taken them by surprise. Ottokar arrives in the dark at his palace in Prague, and does not venture to enter. He hears the insults of his people, the mockery of his haughty wife and her paramour; he is at length roused by their reproaches, and declares war against Rudolph. He is killed in the battle of Marchfield by a young knight, who has to avenge the death of his father. The emperor appears, and orders the deceased king to be covered with the imperial mantle. The murderer, having acted contrary to the emperor's orders, is obliged to fly. The character of Ottokar is extremely well drawn, the action proceeds rapidly to the *denouement*, and the genuine spirit of tragedy is happily combined with dramatic effect. Rudolph's character is throughout consistent, marked by simple and unaffected dignity, and faithful in every particular to history. Kunigunde, Ottokar's second wife, is a portrait strongly marked with the features of the times and of her nation. The tragedy abounds in striking situations, of which the following is one of the most affecting. Ottokar, betrayed and forsaken by fortune and his own people, humbled in the eyes of the world and his own, comes, shortly before the decisive battle of Marchfield, to a church-yard, near the dwelling of the clerk. He enters, expecting, from information that he has received, to find there his faithful wife with the traitor Rasewisch Rosenberg, and approaching to surprise her in her concealment, he stands at once before the coffin of the rejected, cruelly ill-treated Margaret, before whose corpse he sinks down in despair.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

### MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S

*Dimensions of a pair of Horns, belonging to a Wapiti-deer, (Cervus-Wapiti) of extraordinary magnitude.*

SOMETIME ago Mr. Harrington, of New York, received from a friend who had visited the river Arkansas, a remarkable pair of horns, that had once been carried by that elegant animal, peculiar to North America, vulgarly though erroneously called *Elk*, but more correctly distinguished by the Indian name *Wapiti*.

The horns are attached to the skull, so that the beast must have died with them fast on, and in complete growth. The frontal, medial, and occipital bones, together with a considerable portion of the spongy and ethmoidal, with their sutures, give them additional interest.

They each consist of six prongs, or branches, reckoning the termination of the main or principal trunk as one. Perhaps there never grew a pair that more nearly resembled each other. The correspondences between the right and left were surprisingly near and similar.

The length of the left horn, from the cranium to the tip was *four feet and two inches*,

The length of the right one was 4 feet, 1 inch and a little more.

The length of the left lowermost or brow-antler 15 inches.

The length of the right brow-antler 14½ inches.

The length of the left second rather more than 16 inches, though the extremity had been broken off.

Length of the right second 17 inches, and a fraction more.

Length of the third left one, 8½ inches.

Length of the third right one, 9 inches.

Length of the left fourth one, 20 inches and rather more.

Length of the right fourth 20 inches; though the tip is broken off.

Length of the left fifth, 12 inches.

Length of the right fifth, 10½; a piece of the tip having undergone a fracture.

Length of the left sixth, from the bifurcation to the ultimate extremity 13 inches.



Length of the right sixth from the fork to the tip, 12 inches.

Circumference of the long part, immediately next the skull, 7 inches (left.)

—of the horn below the first antler 11 inches.

—of the horn between this and the second 9 inches.

Circumference of the right bony part of the skull and of the horn below the first antler, and between it and the second, just the same as the former.

Distance between the tips of the two fourth antlers,  $46\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

—between their bases the same.

Distance between the final terminating or sixth prong  $42\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

The weight of the whole is  $26\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.

On a full investigation of the subject, of one of most elegant and stately of the Deer or Stag family, indigenous in and appropriate to North America, a reference was made to the horn of the same creature belonging to George Astor, Esq. and to the minute and circumstantial description of the male, female, and fawn, written by Dr. Elihu H. Smith, an ornament of the time in which he lived, and the delight of those who knew him, (snatched away in the year 1798 by the yellow fever at the age of 27,) and contained, with delineations by William Dunlap, Esq. of the three creatures in the Medical Repository, vol. II. page 157—163.

#### *Exposition of a Word in the Bible.*

Inquiry was made, whether the thing, translated *Spikenard* in the song of Solomon and in the gospels of Mark and John, is the plant called by the same name in our parts of North America? or what is it?

An answer directed to the querist, in behalf of the pious lady, for whom he solicited, in the following terms: "the article called spikenard in the hebrew and christian scriptures, is wholly different from the indigenous vegetable of our forests, distinguished in Pursh's flora, as the *aralia racemosa*. Of this there exists no doubt. We therefore negatively, know what it is not.

"But if the matter be considered positively, there seems to be somewhat of uncertainty.

"Bring to recollection the five texts where *Spikenard* occurs Cant. i. 12. ibid

iv. 13; ibid iv. 15; Mark's gospel xiv. 3; and John's gospel xiii. 13.

We learn that it was not only an agreeable, but a costly perfume. Upon the latter ground it was, that Mary, the woman who applied the precious ointment to the feet of Jesus, was accused of extravagance and waste by Judas Ischariot, the bearer of the bag, as the house was filled with its odour.

The modern critics are rather at a loss what this aromatic ingredient, the *Nard* of India, really is. And even the consummate botanist Persoon, who in his synopsis, supposes it to have been the *Androphogon nardus*, notes it with a point of interrogation.

The mistakes and abuses of vulgar phrases and demonstrations, instead of scientific definitions and distinctions, are but too frequent and embarrassing."

#### LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS

#### NATIONAL TALES.

"Here are more romances of our own and neighbouring countries.—Anon."

"'Tis a history handed from ages down: a nurses tale.—Southey."

New-York. pp. 264, W. B. Gilley, Bliss & White, Wilder and Campbell, & J, V Seaman. 1825.

WE have examined this volume with some attention, and greet its appearance with considerable pleasure. It is the first of a projected series of Tales, to be published every three months, being such translations and compilations from the works of different authors, and also original tales, as will probably be acceptable to the generality of readers in the United States. We think the editor has adopted an excellent plan to perpetuate, and give general circulation to writings which, though worthy of preservation, are narrow in their compass, scattered through different volumes, and consequently fugitive. The tales contained in this volume are eleven in number; viz: The Freebooter, Transmigration, The Thesalian Lovers, Mary Stukeley, The Fair Marseilloise, The Crusaders, The Fortress of Saguntum, Imilda de Lambertazzi, The Monks of La Trappe, Goodrich Castle, and Master and Man. Of these our limits will only permit us to notice three; The Fortress of Saguntum, Imilda de Lambertazzi,

and *The Fair Marseilloise*. The former is one of those wild and romantic legends, of which Spain and her History are fraught, and we think will be generally read with gratification; the second is a story of Italian revenge, connected with the rival factions, which long kept the Garden of Europe in the deepest convulsions; and the last is a tale of the captivity and fate of a beautiful young Girl of Marseilles, in France, who was taken by a pirate, carried into the Levant, and sold as a slave. The chief vizier of the Caliph of Bagdad saw and became enamoured of her when she was exhibited for sale, but as he had always been remarkable for his disinterestedness and probity, his fortune was small, and he was unable to pay the exorbitant price which the pirate demanded. His distress as may be supposed was great; and that of the captive who had conceived a fondness for him, was equal to his own. But we will quote the rest of the story from the volume itself.

"It is easy to fancy the desolate state of this unfortunate favourite. 'O virtue!' cried he, 'to what trials must we be put, to follow thee without going astray! But that which I now undergo is surely the most cruel of all.' He returned to the beautiful slave, who was ignorant of a part of his uneasiness; he laid it open to her, and made her affliction equal to his own. 'Yes, charming Geraldine,' added he, 'I begin to believe that gold is really precious, since it is the only thing that can ensure to me the possession of you; and no other proof is wanting to convince me of its value.' 'Alas!' replied Geraldine, the tears starting from her eyes, 'all this proves to me more and more the horror of my state. In vain my heart would fain bestow itself; my whole person is set up at auction, and I must be his who bids most for me.' 'O, Alla!' cried Taher, 'how can I resolve to see her pass into hands perhaps unworthy of possessing her; and though they might be worthy, would my grief be less real, and the loss of her less irreparable?' Geraldine made no reply; but her tears still flowed with an expression that spoke sufficiently in the place of another. Taher could no longer stand the shock. He formed a resolution, which cost him much to take, because it seemed to run counter to all his former conduct. It was to have recourse to the governor of Egypt not to interpose his authority in this affair, and to borrow from him what he wanted of the sum required by the pirate. A rich citizen of Alexandria, who esteemed Taher's virtue, and whom

chance informed of his embarrassment, prevented him by offers, which in any other case would not have been accepted. They were, however, on this occasion. Already, Taher believed himself at the height of his wishes; already Geraldine shared in the satisfaction she read on his countenance. But a new incident involved him again in new alarms.

"The great beauty of the young slave was celebrated in all parts of Alexandria. Achmet, governor of upper and lower Egypt, had early information, and was desirous to be a judge of it himself. He gave orders to the pirate to bring before him this famed beauty. This order arrived the same instant that Taher believed he had no other obstacle to conquer, and when he was ready to pay the price required by the corsair for delivering up Geraldine to him. But the African judged that it was first necessary to satisfy the governor's curiosity. This was less a tractable humour on his side, than refined avarice. He made no doubt that the charms of his young captive would make the strongest impression on that commandant's mind; and he hoped to make a better bargain by a man, who, at pleasure, could distress and exact money from a whole state, than by a favourite who had made a vow never to distress any one.

"Taher in vain opposed this resolution. At last, he thought it most advisable to go himself in person, and inform Achmet of what had passed. His object was to divert him from the desire of seeing Geraldine; persuaded he should have him for a rival the moment she appeared before him. The governor, who in the main hated him, could not, however, refuse him his esteem,—chiefly on account of the great regard the Caliph had for him; so that he was ready to desist from all pretensions to Geraldine, when, unfortunately, the pirate arrived, accompanied by the young slave, whom he had with great reluctance, on her part, conveyed to the palace. At this sight, Achmet seemed to lose suddenly the faculty of speech; but his silence was expressive. That of Taher was still more so; but he soon broke it, betraying some indignant emotions. He demanded Geraldine to be delivered to him without delay. But so prompt a decision was now no longer relished by Achmet. He took infinite pleasure in contemplating Geraldine, who, on her side, was regardless of any but Taher. The irresolution, or rather the too visible change in the governor, irritated him in a great degree; and it was worse when he saw him interrogate the young slave concerning her various talents, and demanded from her, among other things, a specimen of the charms of her voice. The pirate added an absolute order to this demand. But instead of sing-



ing, nothing could be obtained from Geraldine but sighs, sobs, and tears. Taher, beside himself, cried out that Geraldine was his property, and was no longer under the command of any one. "Brave Taher," said the governor, answering him, "Geraldine is the property of an African corsair; and next after him of either us that can give the greatest price for her. This, then, is a kind of contention in which one may hope to conquer you. Be contented with having triumphed so often elsewhere." Achmet accompanied these words with an offer that exceeded all his rival's abilities. It was accepted. Geraldine showed all the anguish of affliction, and Taher became furious. "Do you not blush," said he to the governor, "to make so ill an use of the riches that are thy shame, and to insult a poverty that is my glory? The pirate's behaviour to me is not astonishing, as agreeing exactly with his profession; but thy behaviour is a thousand times more reprehensible than his."

Achmet remained for some moments lost in thought. Afterwards assuming a strain of irony, "Well," said he, "wise deputy of the commander of the faithful, is it not enough for you to be reputed the most disinterested man in this vast empire? Is this glory nothing in your eyes? and is it proper that, at the same time, you should enjoy the advantages procured by wealth?" Taher was going to answer, but Geraldine prevented him, which greatly astonished the pirate, Achmet, and Taher himself. "Your riches," said she to the governor, "may dazzle him who believes himself to be the master of my destiny; him who by forcibly separating me from my family, thinks he has a right to sell me to the highest bidder. An Asiatic slave might obey without murmuring, or allowing herself the least reflection; but the air breathed in my country inspires those of my sex with other sentiments. Accustomed to the homage of your sex, they regulate their pleasures, and willingly share in their labours, and sometimes dangers. In short, we are their companions, and not their slaves. Never, therefore, hope to exercise over me the authority of an absolute and imperious master. Though the corsair has transported my body into a foreign clime, he has not changed my soul. It remains free amidst my chains.—It is not enough to purchase to obtain me.—It is I that must give myself."

"The treatment you will receive from me," replied Achmet, "shall conquer the untractableness of your heart." "Tremble," said Taher, "if thou makest the least attempt—if thou committest violence against Geraldine. Remember, I shall rather perish than not revenge her. At present I shall have recourse to the Caliph's authority; but take care to anticipate his decision;

he only is to be our judge." "Be it so," replied the governor, "but, in the mean time Geraldine may abide in this place in all security." This promise appeased, but indifferently, the amorous Taher. It grieved him to the heart to leave his mistress in his rival's power; but it was what he could not help. Geraldine, on her part, spoke to him to inspire him with confidence; if, in such circumstances, a lover can be without fear.

Their separation was exceedingly painful. Fortunately no state affair detained Taher longer in Egypt, and he used all possible expedition to repair to Bagdat, where the Caliph resided. His favourable reception promised him much. First, he entered into some details relative to the commission he was charged with; and they gained for him the sovereign's approbation, who afterwards asked him concerning what he had seen remarkable in his journey. "Lord Commander of the Faithful," said he to the Caliph, "what I most admire in that country, so fertile in wonders, is a particular beauty that effaces the remembrance of them all, and whose privation would be the unhappiness of my life, as its possession would be entire happiness." This preamble exciting the prince's curiosity, he desired Taher to explain himself without any figurative speech; which was what the latter wanted. He informed him of all the circumstances of his adventure, but with so much warmth that it was easy to see that the philosopher had given place, in him, to the lover. The Caliph seemed to hear him with great attention, and remained for some time lost in thought. This was enough to alarm Taher in the greatest degree. But what could he think when for answer he heard the prince charge him with a new commission to set out for a country quite opposite to that of Egypt, and with orders to depart immediately!

He was to repel an army of Greeks that had entered unexpectedly on the Caliph's territories. An employment of this nature could not be decently refused. He accepted it, but it was with a reluctance which was conquered rather by duty than ambition. "My lord," said Taher to the Caliph, "I am going to fight, and, as I hope, to vanquish your enemies: but let me, I pray, be not conquered by the governor of Egypt." "Is it possible," cried the prince, "that the remembrance of a slave should divide the cares of a general, in whose thoughts glory seemed always to be the only ascendant?—Go, and ravage the provinces of Greece, and you will find therein a choice of slaves to your mind."

Taher saw that any further reply would have been superfluous. He was at a loss how to interpret the Caliph's answers. One time he attributed them to the natural harsh-

ness of his disposition, which inclined him to mortify those whom he was even fondest of: another time, he dreaded his being in love with the young slave from the picture which he himself had drawn of her! "And what should it be," cried Taher to himself, "if he was to see Geraldine's person?" Thus the amorous Mussulman perceived nothing on all sides but causes of fear, without perceiving the least motive for hope.

He set out, and revenged himself on the Greeks for all the disquiets he had felt in his own country. The enemy were beaten, and pursued into the interior of their provinces. There, it was easy for Taher to avail himself of the Caliph's counsel. He could have carried off with him a number of beautiful Greek damsels. He saw several whose charms might have seduced him, if he had been less captivated by those of Geraldine. But he did not even strive to divert the remembrance of her. Full of uneasiness and jealousy, he had little relish for the satisfaction which a general feels after victory. He arrived at court, and honours were heaped upon him by the Caliph. Those honours would have flattered him at any other time, but now his thoughts were entirely taken up with one object, and one only.—Was Geraldine to be restored to him? Was his judge to become his rival?—In the midst of these embarrassed thoughts, the Caliph asked if he still kept in mind the beautiful slave? "Heavens! Do I keep her still in mind?" cried Taher;—"Her image follows me every where, and will not forsake me till I sink into the grave. Will you suffer her, Great Prince, to remain longer in the unjust Achmet's power?" The Caliph made no answer, but kept Taher to sup with him.

This favour, which was not rare at the court of the Caliph, appeared to Geraldine's lover a decision contrary to his desires, and a thundering though tacit sentence. He made no doubt that his mistress was adjudged to his rival, or that the Caliph had taken her for himself; and these, his doubts, soon seemed to be realized. The Prince during supper spoke to him again of the young slave, and among other things asked him if Geraldine's voice was really so perfect as he had told him. Taher assured him again that it was. "I believe, however," replied the Caliph, "that I have a young singer among my slaves who may dispute the prize with yours." With these words he made a sign to one of his eunuchs, and on another sign made by the eunuch to one unseen by Taher, an affecting and harmonious voice was heard. The ear was charmed by it, the heart was moved. These sensations, however, were nothing compared with what Taher felt. He sighed, changed colour, was involuntarily agitated, and ready to lose all

power; in a word, the melodious accents of the young slave appeared to him absolutely the same as those of Geraldine; it was she whom he heard, and he therefore judged her to be entirely lost to him.

The modulations of the invisible slave were plaintive and languishing, and characterized a mind affected with the deepest melancholy. They were, besides, in a language that neither the Caliph, nor Taher understood; and this was a new motive of conviction to Taher, that they came from Geraldine. The Caliph examined all his emotions, and asked him the reason of them—"Ah! my lord," cried the amorous Mussulman, "either my troubled imagination transports me into Egypt, or the amiable Geraldine is in this place."

The Caliph, without answering, made another sign; and a great curtain being laid open, Geraldine herself appeared to the eyes of her lover, clad incredibly magnificent; and under the exterior of a queen of all the East rather than of an European slave. At this sight, Taher uttered a cry of astonishment and grief. He could no longer doubt of his misfortune. Every thing immediately figured to him the Caliph's love and Geraldine's frailty: and what completed his affliction was the slave's silence, immoveable posture, and downcast looks. So cold an attitude drove him quite beyond himself. "My lord," said he to the Caliph, falling at his knees, "permit me to decline a trial too much above my strength. Geraldine ought to have preferred you to me; but do not expect that I should approve her conduct, and let me not, I beg, be any longer a witness of it. I always served you with an unremitting zeal, and let the reward of it be a retreat in some remote desert, where I may endeavour to forget the only object that ever touched my heart; or at least, bewail at leisure the misfortune of having sincerely loved."

The sighs and tears of Geraldine interrupted the close of his speech. It was not easy for Taher to penetrate the true motive of them, so as to know whether they proceeded from remorse, or pure tenderness. At last, the caliph thought proper to put an end to this dismal perplexity. "Cheer up," said he to his favourite, "I have too long abused thy love by deception. Geraldine is thine; she was designed for me by Achmet, and I make a sacrifice of her to thee: I resign her to thee such as I received her, I only wished to divert myself a little with thy embarrassment. It was I," continued the Caliph, "that prescribed the conduct she has held, and which has cost her so much. I thought myself at liberty to require from her that frivolous complaisance; having debarred myself of even the wish of requiring any thing further." Taher, now at the height of



joy, had the satisfaction of seeing Geraldine share it with him. Esteem in love is productive of a peaceful and placid confidence, and Taher had the happiness to esteem what he loved."

The above is a fair specimen of the tales throughout the whole book, and we trust the reader will agree with us in pronouncing it quite a favourable specimen.

We cannot conclude without praising the editor for the handsome manner in which the mechanical part of the work is executed. The printing and paper are of excellent quality, and he has set a worthy example to those publishers who have been in the habit of printing novels and romances in the most miserable dress.

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### THE GRACES.

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"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
'Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*  
dwell."

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### THE BIRTH OF POESY.

#### AN ALLEGORY.

THE youthful god of Love, having roamed one fine summer's evening into the depths of a forest, found himself bewildered in its mazes. In vain he sought an avenue by which he might emerge; thickets of roses and vines, twining their clustering arms, opposed him at every turn.

Fatigued with his ramble, he threw his bow from his hand, and disencumbering himself from his quiver, he cast his polished limbs on a bed of violets, whose fragrance seemed to invite him to sleep. He closed his eyes, and was already in fancy wafted back to the gardens of Cytherea, when the warm air of a gentle sigh, breathing over his cheek, awakened him. He looked up and beheld a beautiful nymph bending over his head; she held her tresses in her hand, forming a golden mantle, with which she shaded the sleeping god from the hot beams of the setting sun.

When the celestial eyes of Love opened on the virgin, she receded from the spot; but the aroused god sprung from his bed of flowers, and, pursuing the flying nymph, chased her with nimble feet from the green covert of the winding recesses of her cave. Still she fled—the breath of love panted on her neck; his glowing fingers at intervals mingled with her hair, which the wary zephyrs bore away from his grasp.

A broad river stopped her course. Sinking with terror and despair, she staggered;

the youthful deity caught her in his rosy arms, and bore her back to the cave. His caresses restored her to life; for her he deserted the banquets of Olympus, and for her he rejected the incense of ten thousand virgins on the shores of Paphos.

Thus, of Love and the nymph Solitude, was born Poesy. This lovely offspring of immortal tenderness drew from the balmy lips of her father that honied softness which trembles on her tongue, but it is only to the chaste ears of her mother, amid grots and secret groves, that she pours forth all the warmth and pathos of her song.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

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#### FAMILY JARS.

MR. EDITOR,—I am an old Bachelor, and for more than ten years past my time has been chiefly occupied in planning schemes for regulating the behaviour of married folks, in such a way as to deprive wedlock of all its inconveniences, and reduce to a system the art of being happy in the married state. I had persuaded myself that I had brought this scheme to perfection, and was just on the threshold of laying it before the public, when a circumstance occurred, under my own observation, that has gone far to convince me of the impracticable nature of my project.

I had lodged with Mr. and Mrs. C— for three weeks; during which their domestic jars had never been violent enough to reach my ears in the third story, where my apartment is situated. A few afternoons ago, my quiet was interrupted by an uproar, which, in the course of a few minutes, became so intolerably outrageous as entirely to derange the concatenation of my ideas. Vexed and alarmed at what I heard, I descended as speedily as possible to the ground floor, whence the clamour proceeded, and reached the scene of action just in time to witness the commencement of an hysterical fit, with which my landlady was seized. I endeavoured to learn from my landlord, the particulars of the altercation in which he had been a party. Notwithstanding the utmost delicacy in opening the investigation, I was completely foiled. He seemed so much offended at being questioned on the subject, that I should have been unable to obtain any elucidation of the quarrel, to the vast detriment of my speculations, had not a person, fortunately for me, overheard the dispute from beginning to end, and communicated the desired intelligence; from which it appeared, that these good folks had been quarreling, if not fighting, about a *potato-paring*.

My landlady is a native of the "emerald

isle," and she fancied that the Irish fruit, which forms so valuable an addition to our culinary stores, should always be brought to table in their natural covering. Her husband preferred having his potatoes pared previous to boiling; and having procured for a Sunday's dinner, a shoulder of mutton, and the roots in question, he clandestinely bribed the maid servant to peel the potatoes before they were dressed, in direct contravention of the express, general orders which the girl had received from her mistress on that subject. No sooner had Mrs. C——, sat down to dinner, than taking the cover from the vegetables, and perceiving the manner in which they had been cooked, she declared they were spoilt; and calling the maid, she told her she should pay for the potatoes which she had ruined in dressing, at the same time threatening to turn her away, if she offended again in the same manner. Molly, having been bribed by her master, had too much honour to betray the secret of his interference with her culinary operations, but, on receiving Mrs. C——'s reproof, she could not help casting a side-glance at him, which roused his wife's suspicions. These were strengthened almost to certainty, by his saying, after the girl had left the room. "Upon my word, my dear, nobody ever thinks of eating potatoes with their skins." "That is no reason why they may not be boiled in them," replied she; adding, "I suppose you don't know potatoes from turnips, or you would not want to have them pared." Nettled at this innuendo, Mr. C——, thoughtlessly said, "I am sure that potatoes boiled without paring are only fit for hogs." Mrs. C——, fired at this sarcasm, and gently laying down her knife and fork, exclaimed, "I'll teach you to call me a hog, you brute." At the same moment, before he was aware of her design, she seized the dish of potatoes, and discharged them full in his face. They were rather overdone, so as to be in part reduced to the thickness of a poultice; and he was blinded by the unexpected explosion, which took full effect. Jumping up suddenly, he overturned the table, with a tureen of hot broth, which not only utterly ruined Mrs. C——'s best silk gown, (in which she had that morning been at church,) but also scalded her severely. She snatched one of the plates, and her husband looking on the movement as an overture to another volley of missiles, stepped up and laid hold of her arms. The crash of the falling table, and the screams of the exasperated lady, brought into the room neighbours as well as lodgers; on whose appearance, Mrs. C——, thought an exhibition of hysterics, the most decent expedient she could adopt, and she accordingly forthwith had recourse to it.

R.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 14. Vol. III. of *New Series* of the *MIRANDA* will contain the following articles:

**POPULAR TALES.**—*Adventures of Prince Rose.* Charles Waneley.

**THE TRAVELLER.**—*Discoveries in New South Wales,* No. I.

**THE DRAMA.**—*London Theatres.*

**BIOGRAPHY.**—*Baron Denon.*

**ARTS AND SCIENCES.**—*Proceedings of the Linnæan Society*—in continuation. *Scientific and Literary Notices.*

**LITERATURE.**—*Notices of Eminent Authors.*

**THE GRACES.**—*Leisure Hours.*

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—*Formation of Letters.*

**POETRY.**—*Effusion Addressed to Etiza;* and other pieces.

**GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.**

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The total amount of Bank Capital in the State of New-York, is \$19,326,014.—Value of Real and Personal Estate, \$273,837,649—total, \$293,663,663.—And the number of inhabitants, 1,317,690.

There has been gratuitously educated, by the New-York Free School Society, upwards of *twenty thousand children*; only one of whom, it is said, has ever been traced to the records of a criminal court.

A black lead mine has been discovered in West Chester county; also a marble quarry near the village of Peekskill.

A new spring has recently been discovered in the centre of the highway near the Old Spring, in Ballston. It has all the properties of the late "Washington Fountain," and is highly charged with carbonic acid gas, containing much iron.

## MARRIED,

Mr. J. Hessel to Miss Mary Carman.  
Henry H. Brown to Miss A. C. Bloomfield.  
James Clemence to Miss Sarah M. Thomas.  
James H. Rathbone to Miss E. M. Beekman.

## DIED,

Mr. Nile Carbet, aged 57 years.  
John C. Hegeman, Esq.  
Richard Jaques, jr. M. D. aged 37 years.  
Mrs. Julia Conklin.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

## FAREWELL.

WOULDEST thou, my Damon, sound the knell  
Of hope, of joy, of love; and tell  
Of banishment from friends begun,  
Of life's fond, sweet, endearments done,  
And all the heart's vibrations quell,—  
Say to thy friends—farewell! farewell!

Oh! 'tis a sound more doleful, drear,  
Than that which falls upon the ear,  
When "earth to earth" begins to fall,  
O'er some fond friend in sable pall:  
E'en then the grave and tolling bell,  
Both strive to say—farewell! farewell!

When, hand in hand, responsive meet,  
The quick pulsations kindred beat;—  
The fervent kiss, the tearful eye,  
When to our friends we say "good-by,  
Farewell;"—how doth the bosom swell  
When Echo says, "good by! farewell!"

What visions cross the feverish brain,  
While musing on the village plain,—  
Perchance on Hudson's verdant shore,  
Where bold Cahoes is heard to roar.—  
Where once, as fast the tear-drops fell,  
He said to friends and home—farewell!

E'en hope recoils and stands aghast,  
At this sad quencher of the past;  
High cliffs ahead, and tempest tost,  
Looks round, and lo! its anchor's lost!  
Sees the proud waves, as high they swell,  
Sinks in the surf, and says—farewell!

Baltimore.

PYTHIAS.

For the Minerva.

## THE MOURNER.

There's a lily that blooms on the mourner's cheek,  
As she bends o'er the bier of her love in sadness,  
And a pensiveness in her eye, that speak,  
Than words more loud, of departed gladness:  
Her widow'd eye hath no tear to shed,—  
Her tears were spent while her love was dying:  
Each zephyric sigh of her bosom fled,  
When the last sad sigh of her love was flying.

She seems, as she stands by the grave of her love,  
Like the lost love spire of some ancient city,—  
With ruins around her, below her, above,—  
With no friends to soothe, and no bosom to pity:  
She sees not the motley crowd around,  
Nor utters a word till the rites are over;  
Nor heeds she aught, till with guttural sound,  
The first falling earth alights on her lover.

"Oh! oh! then escapes her palsied tongue,  
And her bosom heaves, and her spirits languish;  
And the last sad sound of a harp unstrung,  
In a long deep sigh bespeaks her anguish.—"

Now lonely she sits on a broken tomb-stone,  
By a sunken grave, with weeds grown over:—  
Now yon sable herse tells that her mourning is done,  
And yon new-made grove, that she has joined her  
lover.

Baltimore.

PYTHIAS.

## THE QUEEN OF MAY.

I'll form a wreath to crown thee, love,  
Of blossoms bright and gay;  
The shepherds all shall bow to thee,  
And hail thee Queen of May.

The rose so red, the primrose pale,  
'Bathed in morning dew:'  
The woodbine, eglantine, and pink,  
And hyacinth of blue.

The violet, that in the shade  
Doth veil its modest head;  
The pansy, daisy, gilly-flower,  
And cowslip from the mead:

The snowdrop (diamond of the spring),  
And flow'rs from hawthorn spray;  
With lilies from the vale below,  
Shall crown thee Queen of May.

The new-born morn shall view thee, love,  
With envy and dismay;  
Because thine eyes eclipse the sun,  
Thou brightest Queen of May!

At noon, along the purling streams,  
In cooling shades we'll stray;  
And zephyrs soft shall own thee, then,  
The sweetest Queen of May.

At eventide, my sheep all penn'd,  
I'll tune an am'rous lay,  
To chase away thy cares, my love:  
Thou bright-eyed Queen of May!

When shepherds, in the moon's pale beam,  
Do meet to dance and play,  
There thou shalt be acknowledged  
The only Queen of May

The flow'rs that in the verdant meads  
Their beauteous hues display,  
Will die, if thou art absent, love!  
Thou art the life of May.

The cowslips, that beside the path  
Their odours cast away,  
Lay themselves there to kiss thy feet,  
Adored Queen of May!

The wish that in your heart shall rise,  
Before you've time to say  
What 'tis you want—that will I grant  
To thee, the Queen of May.

The store of pelf which, by my flock,  
I gain from day to day,  
I will devote to thee, my love—  
Thou fairest Queen of May.

My cot, my meads, my sheep, myself,  
All at thy feet I lay;  
Oh! take them all, my sweetest love,  
And be my Queen of May.

## Lines written in a Highland Glen.

To whom belongs this valley fair,  
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,  
Even like a living thing?

Silent,—as infant at the breast,—  
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,  
That streamlet's murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale;  
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,  
Or mid the silence lie !  
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth  
Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth  
Seems bound unto the sky.

O! that this lovely vale were mine!  
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,  
My years would gently glide;  
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,  
And memory's oft-returning gleams  
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,  
From presence of that gracious heaven,  
A piety sublime;  
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,  
To make in this deep solitude  
Eternity of time !

And did I ask to whom belonged  
This vale?—I feel that I have wronged  
Nature's most gracious soul!  
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,  
And all her children from their birth  
Are joint-heirs of the whole !

Yea! long as nature's humblest child  
Hath kept her temple undefiled  
By sinful sacrifice,  
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,—  
He is a monarch, and his throne  
Is built amid the skies !

#### PRIMROSE HILL.

After a long and dusty round,  
A panting upward clime,—  
'Tis pleasant to attain the mound  
Of antiquated Time;  
To feel the wind's awakening thrill,  
And freshness breathe, on Primrose Hill.

Rome was magnificent to view !  
London looks powerful here !  
Hallowed in smoke the spires point through,  
Glittering like many a spear;  
And structures, by the mason's skill,  
Ere long will compass Primrose Hill.

What active minds are scheming now !  
What business urging strife!  
Power making Ruin's captives bow  
To the concerns of life :  
Yet why should thoughts of care or ill  
Pervade the mind on Primrose Hill ?

The grass, with cups and daisies pied,  
Invites the heart from woe ;  
The sky which stretches far and wide,  
Shines on all things below ;  
Light marks the works of human will,  
Pictured in shade on Primrose Hill.

Reflection winds her sylvan part,  
In truth's unerring charm ;  
Pleasure improves the cheering heart,  
And fancy keeps it warm :  
Though toil and habit call us,—still  
Sometimes retreat to Primrose Hill.

#### PAT'S OPINION OF A RAILWAY.

The rail-way is the thing for affording relief,  
To poor Paddy—some wisecrackers cry ;  
So swiftly his butter, his bacon, and beef,  
To London's big market shall fly !  
Now the real way,' says Pat, ' that would please me,  
is such  
As would make all these matters move slower :  
For the devil a taste of them Paddy could touch,  
At the rate they all travelled before !'

#### FRIENDLY ADVICE.

A lass, whose name was *Mary Ware*,  
And who could boast of beauty,  
Of love full oft had found the care—  
A friend, to save her from his snare,  
Thus did a friendly duty.

' Fair maid, my lesson now regard,  
A lesson good and rare !  
One word is all—and that not hard,—  
From husbands bad your surest guard :—  
Fair maid, it is, *be-WARE* !'

#### EPIGRAM.

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast ;  
Physic their cobbler is, and Death the last.

#### ENIGMAS.

" And justly the wise man thus preached to us all  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Bed.

PUZZLE II.—Because two make a pound.

#### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

When you stole my first, I lost my second; and I  
wish you may ever possess my third.

II.

*To a Lady.*

My first I hope—you are;  
My second I see—you are;  
My third I know—you are.

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